THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

It test on a day I was hoppy. And the winds, the convex sky,

The flowers and the beasts in the meadow The fowers and the beasts is the meadow Segmed happy over an I. And I stretched my haugh to the meadow. To the bial the beast, the tree: "Why are ye all so happy?" I dried and they answered me. What soyest thou, ch meadow. That stretchest so wide, so far, That stretchest so wide, so far,

That none can say how many The many marguerites are? what say yo, red roses, A statisny ye, red roses, T. a o'or the sun blanched wa'l From your high black shadowed trellis Life frame or blood drops fall? "We are born, we are roared, and we line

A various space, and die: Telefears, and are bright and happy, His, we cannot answer why.'

What sayest thou, oh shadow, That from the dreaming hill All down the broadening valley Liest so sharp and still? And thou, oh murmuring brooklet, Whereby is the noonday sleava The loose strife burns like ruby. And the branched asters dream! We are born, we are reared and we lin A various space, and die; We dream, and are very happy, Hut we cannot answer why.

And then of ciyself 1 questioned, That life a ghost the while Steed from me and caimly answered With slow and curious smile: "Thou art born as the flowers and wilt linger Thine own short space, and die: Thou dreamst and art strangely happy. But thou canst not naswer why." - Archibaid Lampman, in Youth's Companio



CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED.

Olive could not tell what hymn was sung after the sermon. She was still vibrating to the sound of the preacher's tones-his strong sympathy, his perfect knowledge of all the needs of humanity. had satisfied her yearning at last. She was no longer unsubmissive to the will of God; ile had spoken to her by this human voice, and

"It linked all perplexed meanings Into one purfect peace."

The sunshine was still resting tranquilly on the grass when she came out, and she ascended the stone steps with a grateful glance at the ivied bank that sloped up to the churchyard. She was going back again into the old world; but it was not quite the same old world that it had been in the early morning. It is a world that changes a good many times in the course of one's lifetimechanges H're a hill-side with the lights and slindows always flitting over it. The girl walked slowly along the path under the trees; she was in no haste to leave a spot where she had found rest unto her soul.

Some one saw her walking alone down that path with a curious feeling of satisfaction. There was no lighthaired young man waiting for her at the gate with a supercillous smile. Quite alone she went up the sharp slope of the sarrow street, passed through the little crowd at the print-shop corner,

ward's mother had lived. Adeline had amusement, set down her empty cup, been under her care, and the two had traveled together, sometimes accompanied by Senward. But after airs, Aylstone's death Adeline had gone to live with her grandmother, Mrs. Villiers, in Curzon street. Mayfair, an arrangement which the young lady had at first disliked very much. Granny was whimsical, and Adeline was selfwilled, and their tempers clashed pretty frequently. Time, however, accustomed them to each other, and taught them mutual forbenrauce. Moreover, Adeline was rich, and would be richer still one day: and granny had a due respect for the possessor of wealth.

Mrs. Villiers had been left a widow enrly in life, with two sons and one daughter. Her daughter had displeased her by marrying Mr. Aylatone, the father of Seaward, and had never been quite forgiven. Her eldest son had satisfied her pride by espousing the daughter of an earl, and the boy born of this marriage had always been her favorite grandchild. She liked Claud Villiers as much as she disliked Seaward Aylstone.

The second son had married wealthy woman, and Adeline was the only child born of that union. Of all Mrs. Villiers' grandchildren, only Seaward Aylstone and Claud and Adeline Villiers were left. The parents of these young people were dead, and granny had always claimed the right of interfering with their personal concerns, and giving them a great deal of excellent advice. Of the three, Claud had proved himself the most doeile; but even Cland had deeply offended his



grandmother in a time gone by, and had very nearly ruined his prospects in

life. But he had repented of his folly before it was too late. And in obedience to granny's command he had dutifully proposed to his cousin Adeline.

Miss Villiers had accepted him, and the pair had been engaged two years.

CHAPTER XII. JACK AND JILL.

sense of life and freshness into the old house in Cecil street. A subtle fragrance floated in with her; her soft black skirts rustled gently through the dim passage; a bunch of violets nestled in the lace that was folded loosely round her neck; she wore a little black bonnet glittering with jet, and was altogether a very distinguished-looking young woman. At the sight of her Seaward's quiet face brightened, but she was not alone. Granny was slowly getting out of her carriage.

and made a sign to her cousin. He rose, and the two repaired to the studio.

"Seaward," she began when the door was shut, "I have a thousand things to say to you. Why are you not my broth-er, old boy? Granny would not dare to restrain our intercourse if you were. But surely she has given up her old suspicion about our philandering?" "I don't think she suspects us of phi-

landering," he replied. "But she doesn't like me, and she disapproves of your taking me into your confidence. Never mind her, Adeline. What is it that you want to say?"

"Claud will come home to-morrow," she went on, "and granny has set her mind upon marrying us out of hand. She says we have dawdled on as an engaged couple long enough. For my own part I have found the dawdling quite pleasant. We have mooned about. and looked at houses and furniture, and talked vaguely of a far-off future when we might possibly want such things. There is nothing like seeing one's promised land in the distance; it is the near view that destroys the enchantment."

"But I don't quite understand you, Adeline," he was beginning, when she stopped him with a p-etty, impatient gesture.

"Stupid old boy! How can you expeet to understand a woman who doesn't understand herself? And it is not of myself that I am thinking, it is of Claud.

Seaward looked at her thoughtfully. She had bright gray eyes shaded with black lashes, and delicate, but rather irregular features. To-day her face had the brilliancy that often comes of anxlety; the clear pallor of the checks was tinted with vivid rose. She was prettier, perhaps, than usual, but curiously unlike the cool charming woman of the world he had always known.

"I am not romantic," she said, speaking in a calmer tone, "I do not expect too much from a man. But I can't help thinking that Claud hes nothing to give. At first I admired that gentle langour of his, and fancied that it was a mask, worn gracefully to hide deep feeling. I believe now that it only hides an empty heart."

Seaward still regarded her attentively, and was silent.

"I have never been really in love with Claud," she continued, "but if he had tried he could have made me love him. He is the kind of man who attracts women, with his pale aristocratic face and gentle ways. But he never has tried. 'Time goes on, and we do not draw an inch nearer to each other. If granny tells him that he has got to marry me before Christmas, he will placidly consent. But, Seaward, I don't like the prospect of a lifetime spent with an utterly indifferent husband. I am not vain, yet I cannot help feeling that I am worthy of a stronger feeling."

"You are worthy of the strongest feeling that a man can give, Adeline," he said with true heartiness. "As to Claud, there is a great deal about him that one naturally likes and admires. Adeline Villiers seemed to bring a I have been hoping that you would kin-

"Even supposing her to be a Jill of low degree, Adeline?" "Even supposing that," she answered,

firmly. "Adeline," he said with fervor, "you are one of the best and most sensible

women in the world." CHAPTER XIII.

WHO TRANQUILLY IN LIFE'S GREAT TARE FIELD WROUGHT."

Olive was waiting, almost impatiently, for next Sunday. The little gray chapel, standing in its quiet garden, was a spiritual resting place, and the words that she had heard there were living in her mind.

With a reserve that is often born of deep feeling, she kept the secret of her newly found comfort. Not even to Samuel Wake did she speak of it. But Sam uel had eyes to see and ears to hear: and he saw that the look of weary patience was passing from her face, and heard a hopeful ring in her voice again. Yet she had not ceased to suffer. The young life, so soon made desolate, was still sad with the memories of promises unfulfilled. She was too inexperienced to look forward to new hopes and a new love. For her, she thought, there was only the lonely path homeward,

planted thickly with tender recollections. Misunderstood and unloved, she learned to accept her fate without bitterness. It was no small thing to have been lifted above her sorrow, and set upon the hill top, although she stood there alone.

These autumn days, with the calm sunshine, seemed to partake of her



YOU ARE IN TROUBLE," SAID THE QUIET VOICE.

newly-won peace. On Saturday afternoon, without saying a word to anyone, she took her way once more down the steep little street, and found the iron gate unclosed.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BEAUTIFUL SCHEME. The Only Trouble with It Was That It

Didn't Work. "Memory, the warder of the brain,"

ITS WORK DONE.

Close of the Democratic National Convention.

Adiat E. Stevenson, of Illinois, Nominated for Vice President-Closing Scenes in the Convention-Final Adjournment.

CHICAGO, June 24.-Chairman Wilson hammered the convention to order at 2:55 o'clock yesterday and Rev. Thomas Greene, of Iowa, delivered the prayer.

The roll call for speeches nominating candidates for vice president was begun at 3 p. m. Arkansas yielded to Indiana and Hon. John E. Lamb took the floor and put in nomination Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana. Mr. Lamb said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Conven air. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convol-tion: When I was elected as a delegate to this convention from my district I hoped to have the honor as well as pleasure of easting my vote for an honored son of Indiana for the presidency of the United States [cheers], but when we ar-rived at this convention we found that the majority had already decided that another than an Indianian shall lead the contest in the coming campaign. [Cheers.]

Campaign. [Cheers.] We bowed our heads to their judgment and united with the Cleveland democracy. [Great applause.] Yesterday Grover Cleveland was the choice by a majority of the democratic party. To-day he is the unanimous nominee of



tion which confronts this convention is, whom shall it be that will have the honor to hold up the hands and arms of the candidate who car ries the banner of the democracy in this cam-

paign? [Tremendous cheering and cries of Gray, Gray.] Where shall he come from? [Cries of "In-dians, Indiana."] New Jersey-God bless her --is always democratic. Connecticut is surely safe, and when the dawn broke upon this morn ing after a night of struggle and of toil the elo-quent tongue of the distinguished gentleman from New York, Hon. Bourke Cockran [ap-plause], whose name I love to honor, told this ouvention that New York was as rock ribbed as Texas for any democrat that could be nom-inated. [Appiause.] That being true, the thirty-six electoral votes of New York are solid for that prince of democrate, Grover Cleveland [Applause.] I come from a state which is the very center

of the political battlefield of the great west, snys Shakespeare, but with many it would seem that the full meaning of the aphorism is sadly lost. Most every one has some sort of a memory, good, had a individually lost is advice, whenever you have become to its advice, diana with a place upon your ticket, whether it was in the grand battle of 1876, the fruits of which victory were stolen from us, or in the grand battle of 1884 when you had Indiana on your ticket, you had democratic victory. your ticket, you had democratic victory. [En-thusiastic applause.] And now in behalf of that state which has never faitered, which has never sulked, which has fought every inch of ground. I desire upon behalf of the united delegation from Indiana to ask this conventio to make fifteen votes in the electoral college certain, by placing upon your ticket the name of that honored leader who never lost a battle, Hon. Isaac P. Gray. [Cheers long and loud] As to our candidate, he has been tried in the balance and never found wanting. [Applause.] In the great contest of 1889, he carried the state of Indiana for governor by 1,000 more votes than Cleveland and Hendricks. What more can I say for him? The tongue of slan der has never been able to pierce his democratic armor. For twenty years he has fought the battle of democracy. He will fight them again whether upon the ticket or not. [Applause] But, my friends, if there is a certainty of fif teen electoral votes for Grover Cleveland and Isaac P. Gray in the state of Indiana, nominate that ticket and we will deliver the votes.

of this delegation that his name shall not resented for the vice presidency. Delegate Scott, of Kansas, in a fifteen.

second sentence, declared that practical politics demanded Gray in the secondplace.

Young John & Rhea, of Kontucky, was sent up to second Mr. Stevenson's nomination in behalf of a part of the delegation.

"We want Mr. Stevenson on the ticket," he said, "because we, in Kentucky,

take our politics as we do our whisky; we believe that Mr. Stevenson is a man who believes that to the victor belong the spoils. [Yells of "Good" and cheers.] And we want Stevenson because we believe that he knows that in the democratic party are enough competent men to fill the offices." The yells of approval were renewed and prolonged in response to this and the speaker sat down amid great cheers.

Edwin F. Uhl went up to the platform to speak for Michigan. He presented the name of Chief Justice Allen S. Morse, of the Peninsula state.

New York being called, up rose Gov. Flower: "New York has no candidate to present," he said.

North Carolina seconded the name of Stevenson, and then there was a skip along the states on the roll call until Texas was reached, and its voice was lifted for Isaac P. Gray. John Goode, of Virginia, got on his chair and sent. up his indorsement of Stevenson. Washington, in the effusion of a pouring rain storm on the roof and uneasy gallerics, made herself heard for Gray. Then came up gray-haired Delegate Bragg, of Wisconsin, to put up the name of John L. Mitchell of that state. The rain was so furious and the patter so steady that no voice could make itself heard. So Mr. Bragg sat down and

waited for the din to subside. Finally, after nearly three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Bragg resumed his speech for Mitchell.

Then the nominations being coneluded, the roll was begun.

Alabama led off without a skip for Morse. Arkansas came in with her sixteen for Gray. California split square-ly in the middle-nine each for Gray and Stevenson. Illinois' forty-eightwere plumped into the Stevenson basket, but Iowa first stirred the crowd. "We cast our solid vote for Henry Watterson," said the chairman and there were cheers.

The biggest breeze of the roll call swept the convention when Gov. Flower stood on his feet and stated New York was solid for Stevenson. 72 votes.

When the roll was finished the figures showed Stevenson 402 and Gray 348-nochoice.

Then changes commenced and finally Stevenson received the necessary vote and his nomination was made unani-

At 5:20 the convention adjourned sine die.

WHO THE NOMINEE IS.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson, of Bloomington, Ill., the democratic candidate for vice-president of the United States, was born in Christian county, Kentucky, October 23, 1835, and educated in the common schools of Kentucky and at Center college, Danville, Ky.

He removed with his parents to Bloomington, Ill., in 1852 and began studying law at Bloomington in 1857, being admitted to the bar in May, 1858. He located at Metamora, Woodford county, Illinois, and immediately began the practice of law, remaining in that city for ten years. He was appointed to the office of master in chancery by the circuit judge, and after holding that position for four years was elected district attorney, an office which he held for four years. At the expiration of his term as district attorney he returned to Bloomington, Ill., and formed a law partnership with James S. Ewing in January, 1868, which partnership still exists, the firm of Stevenson & Ewing being one of the leading law firms of central Illinois, and one of repute in state and federal courts for over twenty years. In 1864 Mr. Stevenson canvassed the state of Illinois as a candidate for presidential elector on the democratic ticket. In 1874 hs was nominated for congress in the Bloomington district. The. district had 3,000 republican majority, but after a very exciting canvass Stevenson defeated his opponent, Gen. Mc-Nulta for re-election by over 1,200 majority. He served in congress during the Hayes and Tliden electoral contest. and was one of the earnest advocates of a peaceful settlement of the differences in the presidential controversy. He was defeated for re-election to congress in 1876, the district at that time giving a republican majority of less than 200. He at ouce resumed the practice of law, but. was once more renominated for congress in 1878, this time defeating his opponent, Congressman Tipton, and being elected by over 2,000 majority. After the expiration of that term of office Gen. Stevenson resumed the practice of law and was a delegate to the democratic national convention of 1884 which nominated Grover Cleveland for president. After the latter's election Stevenson was appointed first assistant postmaster general and held that office during the entire Cleveland administration. His urbanity made him exceedingly popular with all classes of people and he was probably the favorite of the Cleveland administration at Washington during the four years of democratic rule. Gen. Stevenson was a delegate-atlarge from Illinois to the convention which nominated him for the vice presidency. He was unanimously elected. chairman of the Illinois delegation and occupied the position at its head and. made all announcements for the delegation until his name was entered in the vice-presidential contest, when he deliberately retired to the gallery. Theheadquarters of Gen. Stevenson at the Palmer house last night was the meeca of thousands of enthusiastic democrats and the general was forced to repair to one of the publie parlors where for three hours he shook hands with a stream of visitors. that passed rapidly through and were presented to him by Congressman Springer ond others. During this reception most of the Tammany delegates called to pay their respects to Stevenson and all of them gave words of cheer.

and took her solitary way towards Charing Cross. This was his way also, so that he was fully justified in respectfully following her.

She stopped short at the door of a a shabby book shop and pulled the bell. This movement brought her face to face with her follower, but she did not see him. On her face was a new look that told of peace; but the first flush and radiance of early youth were gone. She had lived a whole lifetime since the day when he had seen her sitting under the larches. Was she less beautiful? He did not think so, although the delicate features were a little sharpened and the soft checks had paled. Olive's beauty did not depend on the bloom of girlhood.

Seaward Aylstone had gone abroad for his summer holiday with that face imprinted on his memory. He was a painter and was always looking about for pretty faces; but this face possessed some strange spiritual grace of its own which escaped him when he tried to put it on canvas. Yet he was a successful man and could write A. R. A. after his name. People said he never failed in anything that he seriously undertook: out then people never will understand that the lives of all true artists are full of unsuspected failures. The beauty of the unexpressed will always haunt our real painters and poets to their dying day. Beside every finished work, fresh from the brain, stands the ideal of the worker with its gentle, mocking smile.

Thinking constantly of that one face in England, Seaward Aylstone sometimes lighted on other faces which reminded him of it. Once it was a peasant girl with her skirts gathered up, and a load of vine leaves lightly balanced on her head, who looked at him innocently with Olive's brown eyes. He stopped her for a moment, her cheeks crimsoned, she answered him in a few childish words; and lo! the likeness had fled! Wherever he tested a resemblance it vanished; and this set him longing foolishly for another glimpse of the woman whose counterpart was nowhere to be found.

On the very first Sunday after his return he caught sight of her in the Chapel Royal, and followed her home after service. It was an omen, he ught, that he was destined to see more of her yet.

He had arrived at his old-fashione ouse in Cecil street on Saturday night, and had found everything in due order there. The ivy that was trained all over the balcony was kept so freshly green that it was a marvel to London eyes; the shrubs in the huge majolica jars flourishing bravely. In the studio here were flowers arranged artistically in an ancient china bowl.

'So Miss Villiers has been here?" he said to his housekeeper. "Yes, sir," the old woman answered,

"and the left word that she would come and drink ten with you on Sunday afternoon

"That means that Adeline wants to have a confidential chat with me," he thought. "What shall we do with granny if she insists on coming too?"

Adeline Villiers and Seaward Aylne were first cousins. While Sea-

"She would come," murmured Adeline, "and she won't go anywhere else. The carriage is to return for us in two hours. I said that I could not possibly look through all your sketches in less than two hours."

"How do you do, Seaward?" said the old lady, formally. "I am not fond of the Strand, and I don't like being dragged out in the afternoon unless it is absolutely necessary. But Adeline has the strongest will I have ever known. I am quite unable to cope with her-quite unable."

Still uttering feeble complaints, Mrs. Villiers was conducted into a pretty room where a fire was burning on the brightly-colored tiles of the fireplace; a luxurious arm-chair stood invitingly near a tea table, and Seaward's housekeeper (who had been Adeline's nurse) was waiting to take the old lady's man-

Now there were few things that granny liked better than a chat with Tabby, who knew all about the family and its ways, and whose only fault was her absurd adherence to Seaward Aylstone. And Tabby, being a discreet woman, knew just what to say, and what to leave unsaid. She guessed that the cousins wanted to have a confidential talk upstairs in the studio; and she also divined that they relied on her to keep Mrs. Villiers amused and in a good humor while they were absent.

"I am not going up into the studio, Seaward," said the old lady, from the depths of the arm-chair. "The sight of many pictures wearies me, and I hate unfinished things. Don't keep Adeline there too long; I don't like to feel myself neglected. At my age I have a right to expect attention. But the young people of the present day are heartless -very heartless. They do not consider

the old." "You can always command attention in my house, grandmother," Seaward replied with grave courtesy.

"I wonder you don't take another house," said granny, looking round with a disparaging air. "This is a horrid neighborhood. Why not move to Kensington?"

"Old associations are pleasant to me," he answered. "And after all, it does not matter where a bachelor lives does 12?

"Not if he means to remain a bacheler," Mrs. Villiers said sterniy. "You ought to marry, Seaward. Every year confirms you in your selfish solitary habits. I can find you a nice girl if you will trust my judgment."

"You shall introduce me to the nice girl whenever you please, grandmother, and I will promise to think about her," he returned, with meekness. Adeline, whose eyes twinkled with

as you imagine

"Don't be deceitful, old boy. You and I are always perfectly frank with each other. When you have talked with Claud, have you ever discovered any sign of warmth toward me? You know you have not."

"But, Adeline, I was always hoping that the warmth would come. And he really does admire you very much."

"Ah, Seaward!" the bright gray eyes grew soft and sad, "I am foolish enough to dream of something sweeter and deeper than admiration. I don't believe much in raptures; all I ask is the sweet, old-world gift of spontaneous affection. If Claud had chosen me just as Jack chooses Jill, I might have been a contented woman. But he did not choose me; he simply accepted me from granny's hands."

"Granny is too fond of playing provi-dence," said Scaward, in an uneasy tone. "It is possible that Claud has seen his Jill elsewhere - an unattainable Jill." There was a note of interrogation at the end of this sentence; but Aylstone



"YOU OUGHT TO MARRY, SEAWARD."

was silent. She rose and went to look at the bowl of flowers which her hands had arranged the day before. Then, with one of her quick movements, she came to his side, touching him gently on the shoulder: "You do not advise me, old boy." Her clear voice trembled a little. "One man knows another's secrets and never tells them. I don't ask you to betray confidence. I only say help me to come to a decision "

"I will help you, Adeline, as far as I can," he said, flushing, and looking at her with a gaze full of affection. ·I will say: don't marry Claud until you are quite satisfied with him. I do not see why granny is to have her own way always. As for you, my dear, I like you all the better for saying the things that you have said to-day."

"Dear Seaward, what delightful things have I said?"

"Something about Jack and Jill. You think that Jack would be a benighted fellow if he saw his Jill and did not do his best to get her for himself?" "I think he would be a cur if he did

bad or indifferent, as the case may be, but one person out of every fifty has some process or other intended to aid their memory, hoping in time to be able to retain in mind all matters worthy of retention.

This recalls a story told of a young lady friend, who has lately taken on the fad of "memory brushing." She confided in a gentleman acquaintance that she was poor on dates, a sad failure on place and weak on events.

"How may I learn to retain things in my mind as they should be?" she exclaimed, as if in disgust at her intellectual shortcomings.

"Oh, that is easy," replied he, "as all you have to do in each case is to form some little couplet with anything you wish to remember and you will never forget it.'

"Explain," she said.

"For instance," the gentleman replied:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue

The young lady was in a high state of lee at such a practical and really beautiful manner of aiding memory, and her thanks were profuse.

Time went by-two days, I believewhen the two met again.

"How are you getting on with the couplets?" asked he. "Capitally!" she exclaimed.

"A pound of candy goes that you don't remember what I told you, verbatim," he banteringly said, and she took the bet on the spot. Then she rat-

tled off the words: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-three

Columbus sailed the deep blue sca. -Kansas City Times.

A Victim.

"Never had a chance to work for yourself?" said the kind, motherly old soul as she handed half a pie to the dingy applicant for cold victuals who had told his wierd, pathetic tale of woe.

"Never, ma'am," he replied. "Al ways had to work for other men. Always had to work hard, too, and got mighty little for it."

"I must be dreadfully discouraging never to be one's own master." "Yes'm. It gives one that hired feel-

ing, you know. And he laid his upper lip back and began on the pie. -Chicago Tribune.

Did She Use a Side-Saddle?

"Sue got on her high horse again this afternoon," said Miss Bleecker to hes Boston friend.

"What was the present occasion of her mounting her altitudinous equine?" asked Miss Emerson.-Judge.

Her Two Alternatives.

He-There goes the last boat; what are we going to do now? She-You can hire a boat and pull me

across the river, or-or-we-can find a parson and get married.-Texas Siftings.

Devotion.

"Isaac," whispered Rachel; "vould you go through vire for me?" "Yaiz, I vould," .returned Isaac, kise

ing his fiances heartily. "Dot is, I vould ohf I vos insured."-Puck.

[Great applause.] Colorado, next on the roll of states was next called, and gave way to Illinois, which state sent to the platform ex-Congressman N. W. Worthington. who presented the name of Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois.

Mr. Worthington, in nominating Ste venson, said:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Delegates-Illinois has presented no presidential candidate to thi convention. It has within its borders more than one favorite son, whom it would have de lighted to honor, and who are worthy of all the political honors that could be conferred upon them, but here in this great city of Chicago, in this great commonwealth of Illinois, bordering upon the lake of Illinois, bordering upon the lake and the Mississippi, in the center of this great

republic, the demo racy, catching the vi-brations of the ground swell that came fro the south and cast and the west it put aside its favorite its favorite sons, for the time buried its state 10x pride, and echoing back to Texas. Connecticut **Fand** California with

forty-eight votes, shoutforty-eight votes, shout-ied the name of for and for plause.] But for the vice presi JOHN L MITCHELL

dency, the seco est place within the gift of the people, it has a candidate so fully equipped by nature and ed-ucation that it feels that it would be a political fault to fail to urge his name for nomination be

I stand here, gentlemen, to name as a candi-I stand here, genthemen, to name as a candi-date for that position a man that is known by every womaa and child and voter that ever licked a postage stamp, in every village and hamlet in the land (applause), a big bodied, big hearfed, big brained man: a man of commanding presence, of dignified mien, a man whose courtesy in his every day manner is rarely equalled and never excelled: a man who, in the administration of his duties in the last democratic administration, was the beau ideal of an honest, honorable, useful and beau ideal of an honest, honorable, useful and efficient officeholder. Like his great leader, who bears your banner, he believes that public office is a public trust, but he believes also that the democrats are the best trustees of the

Connecticut sent up Delegate Vance to second the nomination of Gray, of Indiana, and Idaho spoke for the Hoosier. "lowa," bawled the secretary, who was calling the roll. There was a stir of curious interest in the convention. Up rose then Iowa's chairman and said:

Iowa, gentlemen, has no candidate for the second place. It is the wish of Gov. Boies and

SPE N.C.